

T H E
Political Rehearsal.

HARLEQUIN LE GRAND:

O R,

The Tricks of Pierrot le Premier.

W I T H

The Adventures and Humours

O F



Punchinello, Scaramouchi, Mezetino,

A N D

Variety of other Personages.

D U B L I N,

Printed in the Year M. DCC. XLII.

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P R E F A C E.

FROM the most trifling Occurrences in Human Life, to a Man of Philosophy and Speculation, something useful may occur ! My Readers may smile, that after so grave an Apothegm, I should illustrate it by so odd an Occurrence as sending the Maid of the House where I lodge for a Quartern of Butter for my Breakfast : But so it happen'd, she brought the Butter wrap'd up in some written-Paper, and laid on the Table by me. — The Ladies and pretty Fellows will laugh at the Inelegance of my Equipage ; but for an Author, and a Philosopher too, it is well enough. After I had breakfasted, I took up the Paper and perus'd it ; for it is my Humour to read all those detach'd Parts of Learning which come from the Chandlers or Pastry-Cooks ;

and I cannot but say I have receiv'd great Emolument from under a Mutton-Pye, and been highly pleased with some Strokes of Humour which my Sugar or Butter have afforded me. It was so now : From that Fragment of greasy Paper the Public owe the Amusement of this Day : For when I found it a Manuscript Dramatic Performance of a very odd Cast, I call'd up the Maid, and ask'd her if the Chandler-Woman had any more of that Sort of Paper, and if she had I would buy it all. The Girl, as she knew my Way, and that I had sometimes sent her for some old Books that were tearing up, ran away for it directly, and brought a whole Bundle of Papers, which the Chandler said were a Gentleman's, who had lodg'd in her Garret, and was lately dead. The Weight was told, the Purchase-Money was paid, and down I sat to rummaging them. I found a Poetical Cargo : One Bundle was mark'd An Heroic Poem ; another was a New Miscellany. But that which had been open'd (and which more than Gothic Ignorance had invaded) was the Dramatic

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matic Piece from which my Fragment
 was taken. However I apply'd myself
 to collating my MS, and after much
 Labour, except a few Hiatus's (valde
 deflendi) I have restored it pretty near
 its genuine Reading.

Dramatis Personæ.

The *Dramatis Personæ* was imperfect, and I could only make out the following Names, tho' several others occur'd in the Reading.

Mr. *Bays*, Lord Courtly, Mr. *Downright*.

M E N.

HARLEQUIN *Le Grand*,
PIERROT *le Premier*,
PUNCHINELLO *il Patriota Furioso*,
SCARAMOUCHI *il Fiscario*,
PANTALOOON *il Secretario*,
MEZOTIN *il Thesaurario*,
Patriot HIND-COTT,
Patriot PEN-SHEEP,
Patriot SIR WAT.

W O M E N,

Madam JOAN,
Miss POLLY, a C—t—fs,
COLUMBINE, a C—t—fs,

With a Chorus of *Patriots*, *Tory-voracious*, *Grum-
bletonians*, &c.

The Scene — [Here an HIATUS.]

TIME, in the Seventeenth Century.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *A Stage.*

BAYS. *Lord COURTLY, DOWNRIGHT.*

BAYS.

THIS, my Lord, is a particular Favour. Authors have not now a days such Marks of Distinction paid them.

Ld. Courtly. As you said your Piece had Novelty, I had a Mind to anticipate my public Pleasure, by seeing it rehears'd, and have took the Liberty to bring this Gentleman along with me : He is now a mere Country Gentleman, but was formerly a great Man among your Wits at *Button's*, I assure ye.

Bays. This, my Lord, enhances the Favour you bestow, for I hope the Gentleman will give his Opinion of my Piece, that I may correct some Errors which may occur.

Downright. Really, Sir, I never was a Critic, and much less shall set up for one now, when I am an entire Stranger to the prevailing *Taste* of the Town.

Bays. O Sir ! the *Taste* of the Town is all *Satire*, keen *Satire*, that stings, and cuts, and sets the People in a Roar. Now, Sir, mine is a *Satirical Political Farce*.

Down. But we apprehend in the Country that the Act of Parliament had laid an *Embargo* on all such
Kind

Kind of Wit ; and that you no more dar'd to laugh at Politics on the Stage, than at Religion.

Ld. Courtly. If you are at Politics, Friend *Bays*, you stand but a bad Chance. If you would please the People, you must be severe on us *Courtiers* ; which if you do, your Farce will never be *licens'd*.

Down. My Lord, I think that very hard : Why should your Characters become sacred, and those of the Rest of Mankind be open to *Satire* and *Ridicule*. A cheating Citizen, a Booby Country Squire, a sharpening Gamester, may be lash'd as much as the Poet can ; but are They Characters more deserving *Satire* and *Ridicule*, than a whimsical *, a plundering Minister, or a trimming Patriot ?

Bays. Lookye, Sirs, licens'd or licens'd not, the Farce is wrote. I would not leave out a Character for a thousand Pounds. I don't know what *Inuendoes* some People may put on very harmless Things, nor what Applications others may make : But

Qui Capit Ille facit.

I am sure I have done all I can to avoid giving Offence, and chose a set of Characters from the *Opera Comique* of the *French*, and wrote the Scenes in their Manner ; so that, for what I know, what is said on this Stage, might as well have been said at *Paris*.

Ld. Courtly. Well, Mr. *Bays*, make no more Apology, but as the Actors seem to be ready, let the Rehearsal begin.

Bays. Gentlemen and Ladies in the Green-Room, are ye all ready ?

Enter HARLEQUIN.

Harl. Monsieur, it be impossible to act mine Part.

Bays. What's the Matter Monsieur le Grand ?

Harl. Why dere be not one Hat as one Quarter big enough for me.

Bays. Where's that Hat you rehears'd in before ?

Harl.

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Harl. O Monsieur ! in de practising de *Kicking Scene* I entirely demolish it : To play mine Part with any Spirit, I must have a new Hat every Day, or 'twill never do.

Ld. Courtly. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, is it necessary that your *Hero Harlequin* should have such a large Hat, and a new one so often.

Bays. My Lord, you must leave all the *Jeu de Theatre* to us Authors. Many trifling Things to your Appearance, are important Points to us ; and a large Hat is as necessary for my *Hero*, as a large Plume of Feathers to another : Nay, the whole Wit and Humour of the Scene lies in the Action of the Hat.— You will see if you have Patience. — Well, *Monsieur*, step to the Wardrobe-Keeper, and take *Pistol's* Hat ; that will do excellently.

Harl. Hah ! ver vell tought of Monsieur. [*Exit.*]

Bays. But we need not stand still ; we may have the Prologue, if you please.

Down. O ! by all Means.

Bays. Come then, Mr. *Trimmer*, will you enter and speak the Prologue.

Enter PUNCHINELLO.

You must know that this Prologue lays open the whole Affair in a plain, easy, familiar Manner.— Remember, Mr. *Trimmer*, the Waddle down the Stage ; it will mark your Character the stronger.

[*Punch goes to the Back-Scene, and waddles down the Stage.*]

Punch. Ye Sons of Britain, have you ever seen
 Children on Twelfth Day draw for King and Queen?
 Though Courtly Titles in the List they put,
 Yet with them mix the Knave, the Fool, the Slut ;
 And, to fill up with Laugh the mimic Scene,
 Miss calls the Maids, and Master calls the Men.

Then

*Then as the happy Lot kind Fortune brings,
Queens rise from Cookmaids, and from Footmen,
Kings.*

*In jestful Sport that Night they act the Great,
And please their Masters with their awkward State.*

*So our odd Poet an odd Group hath brought,
Where in low Characters high Things are wrote :
Of Kings and Statesman doing this and that,
And couching Mysteries beneath a Hat.
Gay Harlequin assumes Majestic Airs ;
The modern Patriot in grave Punch appears ;
And Pierrot, ever bland'ring on the Stage,
Here is, of State, a Minister most sage.
Something and Somebody we represent,
But You're to find out who and what is meant.*

[Exit Punch.]

Down. But, Mr. Bays, *Punch* has left us in the Dark, with his Something and Somebody, if that We are to find out *who* is *who*, and *what* is *what*.

Bays. Ay to be sure, Sir, you are : You would not have the whole Plot in the Prologue ? 'Tis enough that he tells you *Harlequin* is to put on *majestic Airs*, and that himself is a *Primier* ; which hints all the Characters are great Personages *al Mascardo*.

Ld. Courtly. You must then interpret a little, or your Novelty will have but little Effect.

Bays. Never fear, never fear. — Come, enter *Harlequin* and *Pierrot* the *Primier*.

Enter HARLEQUIN and PIERROT.

Harl. Pierrot, vat say de Vorld of *Harlequin* le Grund ?

Pier. Ah ! Great Sir, had your Slave *Pierrot* been so happy, so wise, so incomparable a Character as
Minister,

Minister, as you as *Master*, I should not be compell'd to leave so illustrious a Service.

Harl. Ah! good *Pierrot*, you be mine faithful Servant. — But vat say de Worl'd for my turning you away?

Pier. That I am still in your Graces in private, and that in public you had not got a better in my Room.

Harl. *Morblieu!* did dey not say you vas damn plundering blundering Rogue, and ought to be hang.

Pier. Yes; and what did I tell your *Grandship*? That they all wanted something or other; and hither-to you have found it true. Now *Pantaloon* is *Secretario*, he finds enough to do to mind his Office; *Mezotin il Tesaurario* has all he wants; *Scavamouchi il Fiscario* is very well contented at the Importance he thinks himself of.

Harl. But den dere be dat choleric Blade, *Don Furioso Punchineillo*, he vill raise all de Country *Pate* — *Pat* — vat you call 'em?

Pier. *Patriots*.

Harl. Ay, ay, dose Patriots vill make de great Stirs and Buffles: But you shall come behind mine Screen, Master *Pierrot*.

Pier. Ah! generous *Harlequin Le Grand*, that is my last Asylum: But I know a Way to manage *Punch*. — By your Leave I'll make him —

Harl. Vat vill you make him, ven he vill be *noting*?

Pier. Make him? Why make him a Lord, and that will be making him Nothing.

Ld. Courtly. That is a low Pun, Mr. *Bays*.

Bays. But, my Lord, it is a very great Truth, for all that. — Go on. —

Harl. Vat! Master *Punch* turn my Lord *Punch*! But I make noting but *Lords*; dis Lord, dat Lord, 'other Lord; you Lord, he Lord, every Body *Lords*. I make much *Noblesse*, much *Noblesse* make much *Pensions*, much *Pensions* much less Monies.

Pier. No; I can put you in a Way to remedy that: The more *Pensions* you give, you have the more *Votes*; the more *Votes*, the more *Taxes*; more *Taxes*, more Money

Money to You, and more Barthens on the People: But then he must be a *pitiful Fellow of a Minister*, that dares not raise Money as fast as He and his Master want it.

Harl. Me not have dose *peeteful Fellows*. — Vell, you desire Master *Punchinello* be made Lord *Punch*. Vill dat do ?

Pier. Excellently ! Shall I acquaint him with it ?

Harl. If you will ; and I will send for *Pantaloon* and *Scaramouch*, to confer upon a *grand Design* me have in mine Head. [*Exeunt separately.*]

Bays. And so I end my Scene, and raise the Attention with a *grand Design* hinted at. Now the

Scene charges to Punchinello's House.

Come, enter *Punch* in a Passion, with a set of *Patriots* at his Heels.

Enter PUNCH and PATRIOTS.

Down. But, Mr. *Bays*, what are you doing ? I hope you don't intend any Reflection on the *Country Interest*.

Ld. Courtly. Egad, *Bays*, if you have, I'll take a Dozen Box Tickets extraordinary.

Bays. Gentlemen, I intend nothing but to give a Representation of a certain Affair, which has more Truth in it than *Wit* ; for there must be plain Narratives in *Dramatic Pieces*, as well as History. This Scene is a *Multum in Parvo*. I, like *Shakespear*, scorn critical Rules. In less than *twenty Minutes* you shall see all the Business of *twenty Years*.

Ld. Courtly. Your Patriots are differently habited : Some seem *Tragedians*, and others *Comedians*. Pray why so, Mr. *Bays*.

Bays. Emblem, my Lord, Emblem ! — Why, you must know, those in the tragic Habits and high Buskins, talking to *Punch* on his Left Hand, are such *Genius's* as are turn'd to the *Sublime*, and are for acting *serious Parts* ; who expect *Events* most *strange*, and *Catastro-*
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phes most incredible.—In the *Drama* my Lord, they are called the *TORY-RORÆANS*.—Now that comic Band on the Right of *Punch* are a set of *odd Dogs*, who can play *low Characters* exceeding well : They are, in Fact, *Punch's Merry-Andrews*, and will act the Farce call'd the *Bamboozle*, or, *Ye are all bit*, with any Company that ever came on the Stage.

Down. But what makes your Hero so earnest with his *Tory-Roræans*, while the Right-hand Men are on the full Titter.

Bay. See, they advance ; you will hear.

1st Patriot. *Pierrot* shall be no more : —With him shall end

Fell Discord and Distinction's baleful Name :

No Screen, and the *Broad-bottom*, is the Word —

Or —

Punch. Surely, Mr. *Hind-cott*, you may rely on me. You know my Temper, Farmer *Pen-sheep* : You may believe me downright and honest as the Heart you yourself wear.

Pen-sheep. Lookye, Master *Punch*, I have known thee many and many a Year : I remember some *odd Pranks* ; but what's done is done and over. I'm not a Man of many high-flown Words now ; tho' I have in my Time talk'd as *big* as any in the Parish ; but all I now say is, *The Proof of the Pudding lies in the Eating*.

Down. That old Performer looks as much or rather more like a Hero than any of them ; but his Stile is not upon the heroic.

Bay. But then there is Matter in it, Sir. — There is more Sublimity in that Simplicity than you imagine : But don't interrupt. —

Punch. Gentlemen all, — for to you All I speak, Have ye not known my Enmity to *Pierrot* For twice ten rolling Years ? — Have ye not heard, From my prophetic Tongue, ten thousand Curses Pour'd vengeful down on his devoted Head ? Who hath rav'd more against him, — than hath *Punch*?

B

Who

Who set his Deeds in stronger Light—than *Punch* ?
Who hath talk'd more, done more, fought more —
than *Punch* ?

Ye Gods ! and shall it now remain a Doubt !
That ———

2d Pat. Holt, holt your Passions and your Picker-
ings Man :

Pe Cot hur plieve hur pe a coot right Soul :
Put, py her *Knightbood*, if thou play'st the Rogue,
Thou pe'st the most confoundet Rogue of all.
A Caitiff vile and base. — As Cot save *WAT*.

3d Pat. Brother, we believe you staunch. — No
Place.—Remember.

Punch. No Place, — no Pension ;— nothing e'er
shall bribe me.

Omnes Pat. A Patriot ! a Briton ! a Briton ! a
Patriot.

1st Pat. Remember—A Broad-bottom and no Screen.
Punch. 'Tis Well.

Exeunt the Tory-roman Patriots calling out, No
Screen ! no Screen ! a Broad-bottom ! a Broad-bottom !

Punch and the others. Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

[*Go off the other Way laughing*.]

Down. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, what made your comic
Patriots seem very merry.

Bays. To hear their grave Brethren the Tragedians
such Fools to believe one Word *Punch* said.—These
are his *Zanies* :—They are in the Secret.

Down. Oh ! are they so ? Crave your Mercy, Sir.

Ld. Courtly. But pray, Mr. *Bays*, are you so lost in
Politics that you have no Women in your Drama ?

Bays. Ha ! ha ! ha ! No, no, Sir ; not such an Ig-
noramus in Politics as that comes to. Why Women
are the Soul of Politiees : They are the *Primum Mobile* :
—A Prime Minister has not a better Engine to work
upon than a Woman,—if he knows how to use her
rightly. — Yes, my Lord, I have Women ; and
the next Scene is between two illustrious Ladies,—
Come, enter *Punch's* Wife *Joan*, alias Madam *Joan*

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illia PUNCHINELLO, and Miss *MOLLY*, alias the Right Honourable the Countess of—*What-d'ye call it.*

Enter Player.

Player. Sir, Miss *Polly* desires to be excus'd a Quarter of an Hour : The Wardrobe-keeper is not come ; and she cannot, according to Character, even rehearse without one of the Countess's *Robes* and *Coronets* we use in the Coronation of *Anna Bullen*.

Bays. Very well.—These *Punctilios* must be comply'd with, Gentlemen. The Girl is mighty fond of her Part, and would not appear aukward in the *Paraphernalia* of a Countess, when she appears in public. In the mean Time we'll step into the *Green-Room*.

Ld. Courtly. Ay, ay, I find your mimic Ladies have as much Pride as real ones.

Bays. Why, they are *Women* as well as *They* ; and *Pride* is the predominant Passion of the Sex.—Hah ! well thought on : Not to carry you off the Stage absurdly, take the following Lines on that Subject, which I wrote for a Play of mine : For, as my *Act* must now end here, it shall, according to modern Custom, be tagg'd with some Rhimes, which are a proper Introduction to my next.

*Pride rules the Sov'reign o'er the Female Heart ;
 Moves ev'ry Passion, dictates ev'ry Art :
 By that inspir'd they Love, by that they Dress ;
 And various Forms its various Pow'r confess.
 One proud of Beauty, one of Singing well ;
 This would in Dancing, that in Wit excel.
 This Universal Passion All controuls :
 Indulge their Pride, and you will win their Souls.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter BAYS, Lord COURTLY, DOWNRIGHT.

BAYS.

YOU know, Gentlemen, what I said on the Pride of Women :

*This universal Passion all controuls,
Indulge their Pride, and you will win their Souls.*

On that Maxim the whole political System of my Piece depends.

Ld. Court. Come then, Mr. Bays, let us see this Scene of Humour between your Ladies ; surely they are ready by this time.

Bays. Ladies, are ye ready at the opposite Side of the Stage to one another ?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

Bays. Very well. Now, my Lord, this Scene, in the Representation, is a View of an *Assembly*, and the Stage to be filled with Gentlemen and Ladies ; but as all our *Scenemen* and *Candle-snuffers* are at the *Alehouse*, and our *Stock Maids of Honour* and *Ladies* of the *Bed-chamber* are washing the *Dressing-Rooms*, or refreshing themselves at the *Ginshop*, you must suppose the thing, and that *Madam Joan* and *Miss Polly* meet accidentally at this publick Place. —

Down. We will suppose every thing, Mr. Bays, to support the Dignity of your Scenery.

Bays. Come, enter Ladies, just in the manner I taught you yesterday.

Enter Madam Joan, and Miss Polly dressed as a Countess : They cross the Stage, and pass by one another, each shewing all the Airs of Scorn and Contempt ; during which Bays speaks.

Bays. Very well, *Madam Joan*. — Excellently *Miss Polly*. — A little more Airs, my Dear : —

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Give yourselves a little more *Airs*. — You cannot overplay this Scene.

Down. Overplay it ! Why I don't see what they are about, but flaunting at one another, as two Rival Wenchcs would do, who never saw one another before.

Bays. The Thing, Sir ! — Ha ! ha ! ha ! — *Rival Wenchcs !* — Why, did you never hear of the *Rival Queens* ? — Your *Statira* and *Roxana* give themselves much such *Airs* at their first Interview.

Ld. Court. But then *they* speak.

Bays. And so shall these, if you will but have Patience, my Lord. — What a Plague an Author has with these Persons of Quality !

[*Aside.*

[*After a long Pause.*]

Miss Pol. Pray, Madam, would you speak to me ? You seem as if you would.

Madam Joan. Since you have given me an Opportunity, I must tell you the *Airs* you give yourself among Persons of Quality and Distinction don't become you : Tho' your *Papa's* Power might have encourag'd you to this ; yet, my Dear, as *that* is at an End, it would be more decent in you to put on a more humble Appearance, suitable to his Circumstances.

Miss Pol. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Madam, your good Man has, for *once*, dared to keep you out of the Secret. My *Papa's* Power, instead of being on the *Wain*, can still do any thing, as Signior *Punchinello* knows full well. My *Papa*, Madam, has made himself a Lord.

Madam Joan. And you a Lady.

Miss Pol. Nay, more than that : He has, without making me a Lady, entitled me to take Rank of Ladies. Therefore, Madam, I hope it will not give you the least Pain, if, for the future, Madam, in all publick Places where I and you shall meet, I take Advantage of the Rank I bear.

Madam Joan. Insulting Minx ! but I'll be even with her. If *Punch*, with all his Patriotism about him, has not Power and Spirit enough to make *Me* a Lady as well as *She* is — I'll — I'll say he is a more pitiful Fellow of a *P—tr—t*, than *Pierrot* of a *M—st—r*.

[*Aside.*
Miss,

Miss Pol. I am sorry, Madam, I flung you into so deep a Meditation: But you cannot envy my Honours, as they are more peculiarly adapted to a Court: You, Madam, who are in the *Country Interest*, must have more Satisfaction in a private Retirement, among your honest Neighbours, than in all the Splendor of Title, and Equipage of a Court.

Madam Joan. Miss, you are drawing Consequences without sufficiently knowing the World. Tho' a Lady has not been at Court for *twenty Years*, she will not have the less Taste for it on her Return to it.

Miss Pol. O dear, Madam! I beg your Pardon: I remember a Song which might have taught me better.

S O N G.

*From a Court Dorinda flies,
With her Husband in a Rage;
In the Country both grow wise,
And condemn the modern Age.
Happy, happy, happy Grove!
She in gloomy Temper sings:
He cries far from Me remove
All the Farce of State and Kings.*

*But should Message come to Spouse
(Who hates Courtiers) to resort
Quickly to St. J——s House,
And accept a Place at Court:
Sir and Madam! — Nymph and Swain
Now no more; with one Accord
Haste to London; change their Strain:
She a Lady, He a Lord.*

*Thus of my Papa you still
Find the Truth in Brib'ry's Vice:
All are to be brib'd: The Skill
Is to find, then give the Price.*

Which Maxim, Madam, I leave you to contemplate on. Ha! ha! ha! [Exit.]

Madam Joan. As I live the Wench is in the Right of it, What the Deuce is my Husband about? —

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Well, for all his storming and storming that he will accept of Nothing, if he don't accept a *P—rage*, and make me a *Lady*, I'll go to *storming* too ; — and he knows what a Storm I can raise, if I have a Mind for it. — What, shall I be a meer Country Gentlewoman, when that *pert Creature* is flaunting as a *Lady* through the whole *Beau Monde* ? — Forbid it Gods ! —

Let me wander not unseen.

*Let me wander not unknown
Thro' all the Splendor of the Town !
At the Court my Airs display ;
For my Lady there, — clear the Way. —
And at the Opera to hear,
And the Play, — My Lady's Chair ! —
And every Chairman's Tongue aloud,
Hollows my Title to the Crowd.
And every Chairman's, &c.*

Oh ! these, these are Charms ten times beyond the nonsensical Title of *Patriotism* ; and I will enjoy them, or I'll know why.

[*Exit singing, And every Chairman's, &c.,*
Bays sings, And every Chairman's Tongue aloud,
Hollows my Title to the Crowd.

Faith, I think I have carried her off with a great deal of Spirit and Reason too.

Down. But you pay a scurvy Compliment to the Ladies, Mr. *Bays*, to hint they have not Honour and Spirit enough to value their Husbands Reputation above an empty Title.

Bays. No, Sir ; it is no Satire on the Ladies, if any such there be : The Satire falls on the Husband.

Ld. Court. There, Mr. *Bays*, I think you are right. — But pray where is *Harlequin* : We have not seen him since the first Scene.

Bays. Bless me ! you are so impatient that you will not suffer the Business of the Drama to rise gradually. Don't you remember that he was to go to *Pantaloön*, *Scaramouch*, and *Mexotin*, to confer about a *grand Désign* ?

sign ? and do you think a grand Design can be conferred on the next Moment ?

Down. Pray, Mr. *Bays*, is not that *Harlequin* at yonder Side-scene ?

Bays. Yes, Sir ; and you will see him enter, if you have Patience. — Come, Gentlemen, go on with the Rehearsal.

Enter HARLEQUIN, SCARAMOUCH, PANTALON, and MEZOTIN.

Ld. Court. Your Hero seems very oddly accoutred in those Jack-Boots, and Hat and Feather.

Bays. Not so oddly, when you hear the Reason.

Harl. Go ! Yes, me vill go : Mine Honour says—
Go, go

Pantal. But then your *Safety*, Sir, cries *No, no, no.*

Harl. Vat be mine *Safety*, when I lay before ye, In making *Campaigns* how great be de *Glory* ?

Bays. There, it's out, Sirs : Now you know why he is *Jack-boxed*.

Scaram. But ah ! think, Monsieur, of the great Expende :

To gain your *Glory* you must drain your *Pence*.

Harl. Vat Fellow peeteful such Excuse offers ! I'll draw mine Purse-strings, and I'll drain mine Coffers.

Mezot. Alack ! your Coffers are in a said Plight, *Pierrot* has hardly in them left a Doit.

Harl. Fill 'em again den.

Scaram ——— But ah ! how and where ?

Harl. Vat's dat to me, — so dat dey filled are ?

Pant. Ah ! Sir, pull off your Boots ; assuage your Ire : This Winter nurse you by a good Coal Fire.

Harl. Vat ! pull mine Boots off ; when so far I've gone ?

—— But why de Diable did I put 'em on, Of all mine Enemy to kick de A — ?

And shall mine Project turn into a Farce ?

Pant. Your Conduct, Sir, from *Politicks* you borrow : To-day you know not what you'll do To-morrow.

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Harl. Here, *Scaramouch*, since ye all make dis Pother,
Pull off dis Boot ; — you, *Pantaloon*, de oder.

[*They pull off his Boots.*

Veil, now, Sirs, you of Fish have made fine Kettle ;
For I, *begar*, vill not bate of mine Mettle :
And soon or late it shall be found by *some*,
If I can't kick *Abroad*, I'll kick at *Home*.

[*Pulls off his Hat in a Passion, flings it down, kicks it round the Stage, and then quite off, and follows.*]

Bays repeats. — *It shall be found by Some,*
If I can't kick Abroad, — I'll kick at Home.

There are your Heroics, your Sublime, and all that.
— Now, my Lord, you see the Necessity for *Harlequin's grand Chapeau*.

Down. But could he not more heroically have vented his Ire and Indignation on some nobler Object.

Bays. Yes, Sir : But in describing the Passions we must always make them rise gradually : Tho' he begins with a Hat, he may end with a L—d, a P—y C—I, or a—I don't know what myself.—But pray let the Scene go on.—Signior *Scaramouchi*, and the Rest of you, on *Harlequin's* going off in such a Passion, you should all look at one another in a Surprise.

Pant. And dwells such mighty Wrath in little Men ?

Scaram. I have heard much of these Humours : But what shall we do ?

Mozot. Here comes *Pierrot* ; he shall advise us.

Enter PIERROT.

Pier. So, old new Friends, you are in deep Consultation : You find now there is some Plague in being at the Head of Affairs. I wish you much Joy. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Pant. You are merry.

Pier. I have Reason to be so. I have just left *Punch*, and settled every Point with him : I had much ado to bring every thing to bear : He stood off a good while, and I offered every thing in vain, when in a lucky Moment, in came Madam *Joan*, and flauted, because

cause my Polly has had some Honours conferred on her. I took the Hint, and immediately offered to make her a Lady, if her Spouse would come into my Terms. *Come into them, cry'd she, Yes he shall, I'll never let him rest ; I'll worry that Spirit of Patriotism out of him : I'll neither let him Day nor Night, nor Morning, nor Evening, nor——* Hold, hold, answers he, you need not be in a Passion ; I consent —— *Pierrot*, your Hand, I am yours again. —— Well, Madam, then answers I, you have nothing to do but chuse what Title you like, and your Ladyship shall have it. —— Away she went directly to consult with a Herald ; he to a Patriot Club, and I to see how Things went on here.

Scaram. Why, *Pierrot*, we are in an odd Way : *Monf. Harlequin* is in great Wrath : What must we do ? He has kick'd his Hat, and threatens to kick Somebody.

Pier. And what then ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! Why, Sir, suppose he kicks you.

Scaram. Kick me !

Pierrot. Yes, Sir, if he has a Mind to it, you must stand a Kicking, or you will be no Favourite with him : Why, Sir, he has kick'd me a thousand times. What then ? My Back was broad enough to bear it. After that Humour is over, he is the best humoured Man living ; you may do just what you will with him.

Scaram. Well, well, some Odnesses must be allow'd.

Pant. Now *Punch* is come in, and the whole Coalition fixed, it would be proper we should wait on *Harlequin*, and congratulate him on the *Unanimity* and *Concord* that reign among his People.

Mexot. But you know the *Tory-roræans* and *Grumbletonians* will still make an Opposition.

Pier. That don't signify, you must tell him every Body's pleased, and he'll believe ready enough. Come, let's lose no Time, but about it instantly. [Exeunt.

Bays. Now this Occurrence introduces all my Characters in the last Scene.

Ld. Court. But who have we here ?

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Enter COLUMBINE pursued by HARLEQUIN.

Bays. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Here I thought to have surpriz'd you ; for here is a short Scene of Pantomime.

Down. But pray why must not *Columbine* speak ?

Bays. For two Reasons : First, because she can't—that is, speak *English* ; the next is, the Dialogue from the Business of the Scene would be too coarse for the Delicacy of the Ladies.—Pray observe ; this is quite Pantomime : There sits *Columbine* in a thoughtful Posture ; *Harlequin* steals behind the Chair, — pulls it from under her,—down she comes, Ha ! ha ! ha !—*Harlequin* runs off. Now the Scene changes : *Harlequin* is now sitting alone : There steals in *Columbine*, — gets to the Chair, — down it comes, *Harlequin* and all. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Down. What is all this ?

Bays. Don't you see, don't you see *Harlequin* in great Fury kicks *Columbine* round and round and round the Room ?—Sir, Sir, you have kick'd her sufficiently, kick her off now as fast as you can (*Harlequin kicks her off.*) Did I not tell you I would shew you a Kicking Scene.

Ld. Courtly. I wish, Sir, you would shew us your last.

Bays. You are going to have it—Let but *Harlequin* compose his wrathful Countenance ; because he is to appear at his *Grand Levee*.

Scene-men. We are all ready, Sir.

Bays. Then draw the Back-scene.

Back-scene draws and discovers Harlequin, Pierrot, Punch, Scaramouch, Pantaloon, Mezotin, Madam Joan, Miss Polly, Columbine, and Chorus of Courtiers.

Harl. Since, all mine Gentlemen and Ladies, you be come into de *Coalition*, it please me much. I be glad to see L—d *Pierrot* and L—d *Punch* good Friends agen. *Columbine*, you and I busses and be Friends. Dis shall be de Day of *Jubilee*, and mine Poet shall make Odes upon it.

Punch.

Enter

Punch. There is no Occasion, I have one ready.

Bays. Gentlemen Courtiers there, you must all remember to join in the Chorus.

Punch sings.

*Good People, who have given Ear to our Scene,
It shews you, perhaps, what Things may have been.
Of Courtiers and Patriots, the Tricks and the Rout;
Of how to get IN, and how safe to get OUT.*

With a down, down, down, up and down, derry,
derry up and down, down derry down.

*When Friendship and Faith for a Title are broke ;
When all publick Spirit is turn'd to a Joke ;
When the Statesman the Patriot's Soul can reverse ;
What's your Patriotism, Britons ? — like ours, 'tis a
Farce.*

With a down, down, down, &c.

Grand Chorus.

All your Patriotism, Britons, like this, is a Farce.

With a down, &c.

Curtain drops.

Ld. Court. I wish you Success, Mr. Bays ; but I am afraid you'll never get it *licensed*.

Bays. Then I'll print it by Subscription : Tho' it would have much more Spirit in the Action. But, my Lord, I'll read it to a *Court Friend*, and he may put me in a Way how to have me bought off, as some other Authors have been.

Down. Surely you would not act on such Principles, when you stigmatize them in your Satire.

Bays. Oh ! your humble Servant for that, Sir.

*Compare not Patriots Actions with their Speeches :
Nor what the Parson doth, with what he preaches :
I'll be no Bishop, tho' the Bishop crieth,
We all know the Right R—d Father in lieth :
Much as we will of Publick Spirit boast,
It is Self Interest rules our Actions most :
Say what we will of Virtue firm, and steady,
All if they can will gladly touch the Ready.*

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